All morning in the garden. I couldn't get myself to go in and write,
I come to lunch intoxicated and Em. says that I 'look like a madman."
What have I done to look that way? Merely hunted insects on my rosebushes.

Mont Roti

The air was full of a pale blue, which seemed to moisten the horizon
like milk. I went over there without pleasure and, without joy, saw
again some of those children. The landscape seemed to me beautiful;
I savored voluptuously the honeyed scent of the colzas, but suffered
from the emptiness of my mind.

14 May, in the train returning from Cuverville

Well, here I am aiding Gerard in his difficult game, merely out of
affection, out of a fear of not satisfying the laws of friendship and out
of a vain need to remain indispensable. But as soon as I am alone and
not constrained by a too eager friendship, I protest and balk at this un-
dertaking, which I can in no way approve and which, with each step,
becomes more ruinous.

At the corners of Ventura's mouth two sharp little wrinkles, still al-
most imperceptible, but which would give me pause if I were Gerard.

I should have liked to speak of Hofmannsthal. It is rather odd that
after two hours* conversation with him I should find nothing to set
down. . . . And yet I liked him very much. But there didn't seem to be
any great element of *shadow* in him nor did it seem to hide any consid-
erable share of the divine. I talk with him all the more willingly since he
talks almost all the time. I should take great pleasure in seeing him
again.

Tuesday, 16 May

On a bench at the Salon (in the main sculpture gallery) I wait for
ML and Gheon, who are to get here at about ten

o'clock (They are together this morning.)

Having reached Paris the evening of the 14th, I dined with the Charles Gides; talked a few minutes, unsatisfactorily, with Gerard. I cannot hide from him the fact that I do not approve of his adventure. But he is so helpless that I agree to see Ventura again. Where will this all lead him? Certainly not to happiness. He knows it, moreover. But what does that matter! Do we ever really seek happiness? No, rather the free development of whatever is newest in us.

Monday morning I go to meet M., Gh6on, and Jean at the Salon; Gerard wanted to join us, so that our pleasure is spoiled. The five of us move listlessly from room to room. Then a dull lunch. Certainly as far